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THE NATIONAL ERA.

WASHINGTON, OCTOBER 14, 1850

of Provence, when he was retained for the de-fence of Madame Mirabeau in her husband's process against her. M. de Galitzane afterward followed the Bourbons into exile, and returned Are you resolved to worry me with your mystewith them in 1814; and it is on his authority that ries? Tell me at once what has occurred—what

the story is given as fact. Mirabeau had just been released from the dungeon of the castle of Vincennes near Paris He had been confined there for three years and half, by virtue of that most odious mandate, lettre de cachet. His imprisonment had been of most painful nature; and it was prolonged the instance of his father, the Marquis de Mirabeau. On his being reconciled to his father, the confinement terminated, in the year 1780, when

Mirabeau was thirty-one years of age.
One of his father's conditions was, that Mirabeau should reside for some time at a distance from Paris; and it was settled that he should go on a visit to his brother-in law, Count du Sailant, whose estate was situated a few leagues from one etcy of Limoges, the capital of the Limonsin. Accordingly, the Count went to Vincennes to receive Mirabeau on the day of his liberation, and they pursued their journey at once with all

The arrival of Mirabeau at the ancient manorisl chateau created a great sensation in that remote part of France. The country gentlemen residing in the neighborhood had often heard him spoken of as a remarkable man, not only on unt of his brilliant talents, but also for his violent passions; and they hastened to the chateru to contemplate a being who had excited their curiosity to an extraordinary pitch. The greater portion of these country squires were mere sports-men, whose knowledge did not extend much beyond the names and qualities of their dogs and horses, and in whose houses it would have been almost in vain to seek for any other book than the cal almanac, containing the list of the fairs and markets, to which they repaired with the utmost punctuality, to loiter away their time, talk about | friend " their rural affairs, dine abundantly, and wash

down their food with strong Auvergne wine. Count du Saillant was quite of a different stamp from his neighbors. He had seen the world, he commanded a regiment, and at that period his chateau was perhaps the most civilized country residence in the Limousin. People came from a considerable distance to visit its hospitable owner; And the gentlemen refirst time, were very slightly to be distinguished, either by their manners or appearance, from their

It will easily be imagined, then, that Mirabeau, the was gifted with brillant natural qualities, caltivated and polished by education—a man, moreover, who had seen much of the world, and had been engaged in several strange and perilous whereof seemed to have barely reached the first decrees in the scale of civilization. His vigorous lofty frizzled coffure; his huge face, indented with scars and furrowed with seams from the effect hood; his piercing eyes, the reflection of the tumultuous passions at war within him; his mouth, whose expression indicated in turn irony, disdain, indignation and benevolence; his dress, always arefully attended to, but in an exaggerated style giving him somewhat the air of a travelling charan decked out with embroidery, large frill, and ruffles; in short, this extraordinary-looking inindividual astonished the country folks even before he opened his mouth. But when his sonorous voice was heard, and his imagination, heated by ome interesting subject of conversation, imparted high degree of energy to his eloquence, some of il: and according to their several impressions, were tempted either to fall down at his feet.

"Well," said M. De \_\_\_\_\_, "I have been stopped exorcise him by making the sign of the cross, ped. It is really he. I recognised him perthey were tempted either to fall down at his feet.

and uttering a prayer.

Stated in a large antique arm-chair, with his feet stretched out on the floor, Mirabeau often hase men who seemed to belong to the primitive ages, so simple, frank, and at the same time waish, were they in their manners. listened to their conversations, which generally turned upon the chase, the exploits of their ogs, or the excellence of their horses, of whose breed and qualifications they were very proud. Mirabeau entered freely into their notions; took an interest in the success of their sport-ing projects; talked, too, about crops; chestnuts, of which large quantities are projuced in the Limousin; live and dead stock; ameliorations in husbandry; and so forth; and he quite won the hearts of the company by his familiarity with the topics in which they felt the most inter-

est, and by his good nature.

This monotonous life was, however, frequently wearisome to Mirabeau; and in order to vary it, and for the sake of exercise, after being occupied or several hours in writing, he was in the habit f taking a fowling-piece, according to the custom the country, and putting a book into his gameig, he would frequently make long excursions on foot in every direction. He admired the noble forests of chestnut trees which abound in the Liiousin; the vast meadows, where numerous herds of cattle of a superior breed are reared; and the chateau long after sunset, saying that night scen-

was peculiarly attractive to him. was during and after supper that those consations took place for which Mirabeau supplied the principal and most interesting materials. He what he might advance, in order to combat them, as he did with great force of logic and in enertic language; and thus he gave himself lessons nt, caring little about his auditory, his sole aim being to exercise his mental ingenuity and of discussing religious matters with the curé f the parish. Without displaying much latitudad certain pretensions of the church so acutely stonished the Limousin gentry, who, up to that ime, had listened to nothing but the drowsy disth in the dogmas of the church. The faith of a was shaken, but the greater number of his

of five farmers had been stopped shortly after alghtfall on their return from the market-towns, and robbed of their purses. Not one of these rsons had offered any resistance, for each prerred to make a sacrifice rather than run the and covered with a rank vegetation very favora-ble to the exploits of brigands, who might be

inasmuch as he was usually a merry compan-ion. His gasconade had frequently roused Mirabeau from his reveries, and of this he was not a little proud. He had not the reputation of being particularly courageous, however, though abeau spoke with the greatest firmness—unlocked

laughter with which they were usually received leather, others of silk; each purse was encircled by a label on which was written a date—it was

has bappened to you?"
"Oh, nothing—nothing at all. No doubt I was

painful state of uncertainty."
"Do you really wish me to speak out?"

"Not only so, but I demand this of you as an act of friendship." "Well, I was stopped to-night at about the distance of half a league from your chateau."
"Stopped! In what way? By whom?"

"Why, stopped as people are stopped by foot-pada. A gun was levelled at me; I was peremptorily ordered to deliver up my purse; I threw it down on the ground, and galloped off. Do not

ask me any more questions?"
"Why not? I wish to know all. Should you know the robber again? Did you notice his figure and general appearance?"
"It being dark, I could not exactly discover

cannot positively say. However, it seems to What seems to you? What or whom do you think you saw?" "I never can tell you."

"Speak—speak; you cannot surely wish to screen a malefactor from justice?" "No; but if the said malefactor should be"—— "If he were my own son, I should insist upon

"Well, then, it appeared to me that the robber was your brother-in-law, Mirangau! But I might be mistaken; and, as I said before,

"Impossible; no, it cannot be, Mirabeau a footpad! No, no. You are mistaken, my good

"Certainly—certainly."
"Let us not speak any more of this," said
Count du Saillant. "We will return to the
drawing-room, and I hope you will be as gay as

out with the most painful conjectures, he again took his friend aside, questioned him afresh, and the result was, that a plan was agreed upon for solving the mystery. It was arranged that M. De —— should in the course of the evening mention casually, as it were, that he was engaged on a certain day to meet a party; at a friend's house adventures—occupied the most conspicuous post to dinner, and that he purposed coming afterward to take a bed at the chateau, where he hoped to arrive at nine in the evening. The announcement was accordingly made in the course of conframe, his enormous head, augmented in bulk by a versation, when all the guests were presentgood care being taken that it should be heard by Mirabeau, who at the time was playing a game of

A week passed away, in the course of which a farmer was stopped and robbed of his purse; and at length the critical night arrived.

Count du Saillant was upon the rack the whole evening; and his anxiety became almost unbear-able when the hour for his promised arrival had passed without his having made his appearance Neither had Mirabeau returned from his nocturnal promenade. Presently a storm of lightning thunder, and heavy rain, came on; in the midst of it the bell at the gate of the court-yard rang loudly. The Count rushed out of the room into the court-yard, heedless of the contending elements; and before the groom could arrive to take in the presence of a saint, others in that of a his friend's horse, the anxious host was at his

feet stretched out on the floor, Mirabeau often as the groom had led the horses to the stables, M. contemplated, with a smile playing on his lips, De — rapidly told the Count that, during the storm, and as he was riding along, a man, who was half-concealed behind a very large tree, ordered him to throw down his purse. At that mo-ment a flash of lightning enabled him to discover a portion of the robber's person, and M. De --paces, and then, levelling his gun at the horseman, cried with a powerful voice, which it was impossible to mistake, " Pass on, or you are a dead man! Another flash of lightning showed the whole of the robber's figure—it was Mirabeau, whose voice had already betrayed him! The wayfarer, having no inclination to be shot, put spurs to his

> The Count enjoined strict silence, and begged of his friend to avoid displaying any change in his usual demeanor when in company with the other guests; he then ordered his valet to come again to him as soon as Mirabeau should return. Half an hour afterward, Mirabeau arrived He was wet to the skin, and hastened to his own room; he told the servant to inform the Count that he could not join the company at the evening

as he had supped. All went on as usual with the party asse running streams by which that picturesque country is intersected. He generally returned to the more gay than usual.

his guests had all departed the master apartment. He found him fast asleep, and was obliged to shake him rather violently before he fumbled about in his pocket, and produced a of the house repaired alone to his brother-in-law's

What's the matter? Who's there? What do you want with me?" cried Mirabeau, staring at though it is admitted by all acquainted with its his brother-in-law, whose eyes were flashing with merits, to be clearly the best thing of the kind teen rage and disgust.

are a wretch !"

"A fine compliment, truly!" replied Mirabeau, with the greatest coolness. "It was scarcely worth while to awaken me only to abuse me; go away, and let me sleep."
"Can you sleep after having committed so bad

been overtaken by the storm. Are you satisfied now? Go, and let me get some sleep; do you want to keep me chattering all night?" "I insist upon an explanation of your strange conduct. You stopped Monsieur De — on his way hither this evening. This is the second time you have attacked that gentleman, for he recognised you as the same man who robbed him a week ago. You have turned highwayman, week ago.

would not have been all in good time to tell me this to-morrow morning?" said Mirabeau, with inimitable sang froid. "Supposing that I did stop your friend, what of that?"

"That you are weekely."

"That you are a wretch!"

"And that you are a fool, my dear du Saillant.

If you are a wretch!"

"And that you are a fool, my dear du Saillant.

Do you imagine that it was for the sake of his money that I stopped this poor country squire?

I wished to put him to the proof, and to put my-self to the proof. I wished to ascertain what degree of resolution was necessary in order to place gree of resolution was necessary in order to place green, and the robbers remained undiscovered.

One evening, about an hour after sunset, a guest arrived at the chateau. He was one of Count du Saillant's most intimate friends, and that you are a wretch!"

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One evening, about an hour after sunset, a guest arrived at the chateau. He was one of Count du Saillant's most intimate friends, and was on his way home from a neighboring fair.

Thus ennobled, thus consecrated, marriage indeed becomes a holy sacrament, awful in this life productions. What those productions were, I wished to put him to the proof, and to put my self to the proof. I wished to put him to the proof, and to put my self to the proof. I wished to ascertain what destoud have been rather puzzled to say, never heard of them. This, however, was the cant criticism of the day, which is come, "full of grace and truth."

One evening, about an hour after sunset, a guest arrived at the chateau. He was one of Count du Saillant's most intimate friends, and was on his way home from a neighboring fair.

Thus ennobled, thus consecrated, marriage in in the nearer luxuriance of the forest green, I wished to put him to the proof, and to put my self to the proof. I wished to put him to the proof, and to put my self to the proof. I wished to ascertain what destoud have been rather puzzled to say, never heard of them. This, however, I was about replying to him after sunset, a law subscription.

I was about replying to him surely with mystery and the shadows that fall earthward for them. I was about replying to him surely, which is ever, was the cant criticism of the day, which is so exorbitant and unmeaning, and so universally so ever, was the cant criticism of the day, which is so exorbitant and unmeaning, and so universally so ever, was the cant criticism of the day, which is so exorbitant and unmeaning, and so universally so ever, was the cant criticism of the day, which is so exorbitant and unmeaning, and so universally so exorbitant and unmeaning, and so universally so ever, was the cant criticism of the day, which is to come. "A little gentleman with a hat and cane," h

"Take this key, open my scrutoire, and bring me the second drawer on the left hand." The Count, astounded at so much coolness and he often told glowing tales about his own exploits; and it must be admitted that he took the roars of laughter with which they were usually course away by an irresistible impulse—for Mirabenu spoke with the greatest firmness—unlocked the cabinet, and brought the drawer to Mirabenu street away by an irresistible impulse—for Mirabenu spoke with the greatest firmness—unlocked the cabinet, and brought the drawer to Mirabenu spoke with the greatest firmness—unlocked the cabinet, and brought the drawer to Mirabenu spoke with the greatest firmness—unlocked the cabinet, and brought the drawer to Mirabenu spoke with the greatest firmness—unlocked the cabinet, and brought the drawer to Mirabenu spoke with the greatest firmness—unlocked the cabinet, and brought the drawer to Mirabenu spoke with the greatest firmness—unlocked the cabinet, and brought the drawer to Mirabenu spoke with the greatest firmness—unlocked the cabinet, and brought the drawer to Mirabenu spoke with the greatest firmness—unlocked the cabinet, and brought the drawer to Mirabenu spoke with the greatest firmness—unlocked the cabinet, and brought the drawer to Mirabenu spoke with the greatest firmness—unlocked the cabinet, and brought the drawer to Mirabenu spoke with the greatest firmness—unlocked the cabinet, and brought the drawer to Mirabenu spoke with the greatest firmness—unlocked the cabinet spoke with the cabinet spoke with the greatest firmness—unlocked the cabinet spoke with the greatest firmness—unlocked the cabin

"Frightened!—and at what? by whom? For God's sake, my dear friend, do not prolong this admitted to be faulty. Such a study is a dangerous, but it is a necessary one, for him who wishes to gain a perfect knowledge of men and things. You are living within the boundary of the law, whether it be for good or evil. I study the law, and I endeavor to acquire strength enough to combat it if it be bad, when the proper time shall

You wish for a convulsion, then?" cried the

I neither wish to bring it about; nor do I desire to witness it; but, should it come to pass through the force of public opinion, I would sectioned it to the full extension by power. In such a case you will hear me spoken of. Adicu. I shall depart to-morrow; but pray leave me now, and depart to-morrow; but pray leave me now, and let me have a little sleep."

Count du Saillant left the room without saying another word. Very early on the following morning Mirabeau was on his way to Paris.

From the Home Journal. AN EDITORIAL VISIT.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

I was passing from my office one day, to indulge myself with a walk, when a little, hard-faced old man, with a black coat, broad-brimmed hat, velvet breeches, shoes and buckles, and goldheaded cane, stopped me, standing directly in my path. I looked at him. He looked at me. I crossed my hands before me patiently, forced my features into a civil smile, and waited the developement of his intentions; not being distinctly certain, from his firm, determined expression, usual; if not, I shall set you down as a madman.
I will so manage that our absence shall not be thought anything of." or charitable "-that is, whether he came to discordially eschewing gales, waves, water spouts, sea-serpents, earthquakes, tornadoes, and all such matters, both on sea and land. My antipathy to a horsewhip is an inheritance from boyhood. carried me across Casar's bridge, and through Virgil and Horace. I am indebted to it for a tolerable understanding of grammar, arithmetic geography, and other occult sciences. It enlightened me not a little upon many algebraic processes, which, to speak truth, presented, otherwise, but slender claims to my consideration. It disciplined me into a uniform propriety of manners, and instilled into my bossom early rudiments of wisdom, and principles of virtue. In my maturer years, the contingencies of life have thrust me, rather abruptly, if not reluctantly, into the editorial fraternity, (heaven bless them! I mean them no disrespect.) and in the same candour which distinguishes my former acknowledgments, I con-fess that visions of this instrument have occasionally obtruded themselves somewhat forcibly upon my fancy, in the paroxysms of an article, dampening the glow of composition, and causing cer-tain qualifying interlineations and prudent erasures, prompted by the representations of memory or the whispers of prudence. The reader must not fancy, from the form of my expression, that I have ever been horsewhipped. I have hitherto escaped, (for which heaven be praised!) although horizon has been darkened by many a cloudy

threat and thundering denunciation. Nose-pulling is another disagreeable branch of the editorial business. To have any part of one pulled is annoying; but there is a dignity about the nose impatient even of observation or remark while the act of taking hold of it with the thumb and finger is worse than murder, and can only be turned out of doors, being abused in the papers &c, are bad, but these are mere minor considera-Indeed, many of my brother editors rather pique themselves upon some of them, as a soldier does on the scars obtained in fighting the battles of his country. They fancy that, thereby, they are invested with claims upon their party, and suffer indefinite dreams of political eminence to be draw his hat fiercely down over his brow, and strut about, with insufferable importance, on the strength of having been thoroughly kicked by the

This is a long digression, but it passed rapidly through my mind as the little, hardfaced old gen-tleman stood before me, looking at me with a piercing glance and a resolute air. At length unlike a ghost, he spoke first.

"You are the editor?"—&c.
A slight motion of acquiescence with my head and an affirmative wave of my hand, a little lean ing towards the majestic, announced to my unkown

friend the accuracy of his conjecture.

The little old gentleman's face relaxed—he tool off his broad-brimmed hat and laid it down with his cane carefully on the table, then seized my hand and shook it heartily. People are so polite

and friendly when about to ask a favour.

"My dear sir," said he, "this is a pleasure l have long sought vainly. You must know, sir, I am the editor of a theatrical weekly—a neat

ever started this side of the Atlantic yet people "What do I want? I want to tell you that you do not seem to take much notice of it. Indeed, my friends tell me that the public are not fully aware of its existence. Pray let me be indebted to you for a notice. I wish to get fairly affeat. often. I will leave this number with you.

> history, and the arts. On reading over the proshistory, and the arts. On reading over the prospectus, I found it vastly comprehensive, embracing
> pretty much every subject in the world. If so
> pretty much every subject in the world. If so
> extensive a plan were decently filled up in the
> details, the "North American Thespian Magazine" was certainly worth the annual subscription
> money, which was only one dollar. I said so unmoney, which was only one dollar. I said so unmoney, which was only one dollar. I said so unmoney was certainly was the world. I know not rightly what it ma der my "lierary notices," in the next impression of my journal; and, although i had not actually read the work, yet it sparkled so with asterisks, dashes, and notes of admiration, that it looked in-teresting. I added in my critique, that it was elegantly got up, that its typographical execution reflected credit on the publishers, that its failure would be a grievous reproach to the city, that its

laughter with which they were usually received very good-humoredly.

Count du Saillant being much surprised at this sudden change in his friend's manner, took him aside after supper, and begged that he would accompany him to another room. When they were there alone, he tried in vain for a long time to obtain a satisfactory answer to his anxious inquiries as to the cause of his friend's unwonted melancholy and taciturnity. At length the visite ranks does not require half so much course as a footpad. You are not the kind of man to age as a footpad. You are not the kind of man to age as a footpad. You are not the kind of man to age as a footpad. You are not the kind of man to age as a footpad. You are not the kind of man to age as a footpad. You are not the kind of man to age as a footpad. You are not the kind of man to age as a footpad. You are not the kind of man to age as a footpad. You are not the kind of man to age as a footpad. You are not the kind of man to age as a footpad. You are not the kind of man to age as a footpad. You are not the kind of man to age as a footpad. You are not the kind of man to age as a footpad. You are not the kind of man to age as a footpad. You are not the kind of man to age as a footpad. You are not the kind of man to age as a footpad. You are not the kind of man to age as a footpad. You are not the kind of man to age as a footpad. You are not the kind of man to a therefore I will not attempt to ## ASHINGTON, OCTOBER 1, form of the bod and per said would declare that I was telling you one of my would declare that I was telling you would talk therefore I will not attempt to make myself more intelligible. You would talk the open air. I raised my his own, it is more work of solemn since, retaining my pen ready for action, with a look of solemn since, retaining my pen ready for action, with a look of solemn since, retaining my pen ready for action, with a look of solemn since, retaining my pen ready for action, with a look of solemn since, retaining my pen ready for action, with a look of solemn since, retaining my pen ready for action, with a look of solemn since, retaining my pen ready for action, with the telling was the telling. The purple was the wind my hi your master has no right whatever, do you consider that you are performing a better action than mine, in stopping your friend on the King's highway, and demanding his purse?

"I obey without reasoning," replied the Count.

"And I reason without obeying, when obedience appears to me to be contrary to reason," rejoined Mirabeau. "I study all kinds of social positions, in order to appreciate them justly. I do not neglect even those positions or cases which are in decided opposition to the established order of things; for established order is merely conventional, and may be changed when it is generally admitted to be faulty. Note a study is a danger-way of the stopping over the sheet. It would not do. The old gentleman, the propriety of giving the "Thespian Magazine" a good notice. I tore the detire, each one as I read them, into three pieces, and dropped them under the table. Business calling me, soon after, to Philadelphia, I stepped on board the steamboat, exhilarated with the idea that I was to have at least two or three weeks respice. The last was rather general. I had not specified its peculiar claims upon the public. I had copied nothing. That sort of critique did no good. He begged me to read this carefully—to available to be faulty. Such a study is a danger-way above the specified its nevering over the sheet. It would not do. The old gentleman, the propriety of giving the "Thespian Magazine" a good notice. I tore the ditines, and beld it hevering over the sheet. It would not do. The old gentleman was not to be "Thespian Magazine" a good notice. I tore the "Thespian Magazine" a good notice. I tore the ditines, and beld it hevering over the sheet. It would not do. The old gentleman was not to be "Thespian Magazine" a good notice. I tore the "Thespian Magazine" a better, each one as I read them, into three pieces, and dropped them under the table. Business calling me, soon after, to Philadelphia, I stepped on board the steamboat, exhilarated with the idea that I was to have at least two o'clock in the afterno

> the uttermost extent of his wishes, or at least of convulsively above the surface. Being a pracmy ability. my ability.

"Did you see that little old gentleman, Peter?

Should you know him again, Peter?" Yes sir.

him I am not in."

after me with a slam, which could only have been perceptible to those who knew my ordinary still and mild manner. There might have been also a was to surpass all its predecessors, and of which slight accent in my way of turning the key, and he would let me have an early copy, that I might (candor is a merit!) I could not repress a brief notice it as it deserved. exclamation of displeasure at the little old gen-tleman with his magazine, who had broken in so provokingly upon my "essay on virtue" "Virtue or no virtue," thought I, "I wish him to the d...."

My room is on the ground floor, and a window adjoining the street lets in upon me the light and air through a heavy crimson curtain, near which I sit and scribble. I was just enlarging upon the necessity of resignation, while the frown yet lin-

considerable distance to visit its hospitable owner; and enough the guests there was a curious mixture of provincial oddities, clad in their quaint costumes. At that epoch, indeed, the young Liments, to don their regiments, to don their regiments, to don their sword and epaulets for the first time, were very slightly to be distincted to the considerable distance to visit its hospitable owner; and enough anything of."

And the gentlemen recintered the drawing-room, one, to offer a communication or a pistol, to shake me by the hand, or pull me by the nose. Editors now-a-days must always be on their guard. For mow-a-days must always be on their guard. Never dreaming of my old enemy, I betrayed too move a distinct of the part of the could not be in specific to pay a bill or present one, to offer a communication or a pistol, to shake me by the hand, or pull me by the nose. Editors now-a-days must always be on their guard. Never dreaming of my old enemy, I betrayed too may part, I am peaceable, and much attached to life, and should esteem it exceedingly disagree-mixed the door. As I opened it, I heard Peter's now-a-days must always be on their guard. Never dreaming of my old enemy, I betrayed too moves a lightly to be distincted the drawing-room, one, to offer a communication or a pistol, to shake me by the hand, or pull me by the nose. Editors now-a-days must always be on their guard. Never dreaming of my old enemy, I betrayed too moves a short time before the other. more calm and complacent mood, when—another knock at the door. As I opened it, I heard Peter's voice asserting, sturdily, that I had "gone out." Never dreaming of my old enemy, I betrayed too would permit, to enlarge and improve the "North American Thespian Magazine," and to employ all the writers in town. "I intend, also," said he, and he was in the act of again laying aside that averlasting bat and one, when a cay of fire in the neighborhood, and the smell of the burning rafters attracted him into the street, where, as I feared, he escaped unburt. In many respects fires are calamities; but I never saw a more forcible exemplification of Shakspeare's remark, "there is some spirit of good in things evil," than in the relief afforded me on the present occasion. I wrote, after that, with my door locked. This knew was, from the confined air, prejudicial to my health; but what was dyspepsy or consump-tion to that little, hard-faced old gentleman—to

> those buckles-to that gold-headed cane? "Remember, Peter," said I, the second morning after the foregoing, "I have gone out." "Where have you gone?" inquired Peter, with grave simplicity "They always ask me where have you gone, sir. The little man with the hat was here last night, and wanted to go after you." Forbid it heaven! I have gone to Albany,

Peter, on business. I can hear in my room pretty much what passes in the adjoining one, where visiters first enter from the street. I had scarcely got comfortably seated, in a rare mood for poetry, giving the last touches to a poem, which, whatever might be the merits of Byron and Moore, I did not think altogether indifferent, when I heard the little old gentleman's voice inquiring for me.

"I must see him; I have important business." i "He has gone out," replied Peter, in an under

tone in which I could detect the consciousness that he was uttering a bouncer.

But I must see him," said the voice

"The scoundrel!" muttered I.
"He is not in town, sir," said Peter.
"I will not detain him a single minute. It is

of the greatest importance. He would be very sorry, very, should he miss me."

I held my breath—there was a pause—I gave myself up for lost—when Peter replied firmly, "He is in Albany, sir. Went off at five o'clock this merring."

this morning." Don't know.

Don't know." 'I'll call to-morrow."

I heard his retreating footsteps, and inwardly resolved to give Peter a half-dollar, although he deserved to be horsewhipped for his readiness at deception. I laughed aloud triumphantly, and slapped my hand down upon my knee with the feelings of a fugitive debtor, who, hotly pursued by a sheriff's officer, escapes over the line into another county and snaps his fingers at Monsieur Bailiff. I was aroused from my merry mood of reverie by a touch on my shoulder. I turned suddenly. It was the hard-faced little old gentleman, peeping in from the street. His broad-brimmed hat and two-thirds of his face were just lifted above the window-sill. He was evidently standing on tiptoe; and the window being open, he had put aside the curtain, and was soliciting

fumbled about in his pocket, and produced a red-covered pamphlet.

"I have been some time publishing it, and, it was you, though I wasn't sure. I won't interrupt you. Here are the proofs of number thir-teen; you'll find something glorious in that—just the thing for you—don't forget me next week— good-bye. Fil see you again in a day or two?

I shall not cast a gloom over my readers by dwelling upon my feelings. Surely, surely, there are sympathetic bosoms among them. To them I appeal. I said nothing. Few could have detect-You see I have been too diffident about it. We appeal. I said nothing. Few could have detect-modest fellows allow our inferiors to pass us ed anything violent or extraordinary in my man-Pray, ner, as I took the proofs from the end of the little "Can you sleep after having committed so bad an action? Tell me—where did you pass the evening? Why did you not join us at the supper-table?"

"I was wet through—tired—harassed; I had often. I will leave this number with you. I'ray, ner, as I took the proofs from the end of the end of the end of the proofs from the end of the en shock for several days.

> deep rich foliage of the intertwining branches, I overlooked the Hudson, the wide bay, and the superb, steepled city, stretching in a level line of magnificence upon the shining waters, softened with an overhanging canopy of thin haze. I gazed at the picture, and contemplated the rivalry of Nature with art, striving which could most ry of Nature with art, striving which could most callight. As my even moved from which to also consecrate? In the union of pure hearts? Oh! on, for it is love which sanctifies the marriage words of Scripture. Can any one seriously believe that they refer to the mere external ceremonial which is conventionally said to "consecrate" the union of pure hearts? Oh! on, for it is love which sanctifies the marriage words of Scripture. Can any one seriously believe that they refer to the mere external ceremonial which is conventionally said to "consecrate" the union of pure hearts? Oh! on, for it is love which sanctifies the marriage words of Scripture. delight. As my eye moved from ship to ship, from island to island, and from shore to shore—
> now reposing on the distant blue, then revelling in the consecrated, marriage in-

was borne down by his emphatic manner; and being naturally of a civil deportment as well as, at that particular moment, in an impatient, fever-sensation ran along the crowd, which rushed from at that particular moment, in an impatient, fever-ish hurry to get on with my treatise on the "ad-all quarters towards the spot; the ladies shricked vantages of virtue," which I felt now oczing out and turned away their heads; and I perceived of my subsiding brain with an alarming rapidity, that a man had fallen from the deck, and was I promised to read, notice, investigate, analyze to struggling in the tide, with only one hand held I could scarcely keep myself screwed down to common courtesy till the moment of his departfloated on the current—but his cane (thank Heav-en!) had sunk forever. He suffered no other ill consequences from the catastrophe, than some injury to his garments, and the loss of his cane. His gratitude for my exertions knew no bounds. "Well, if he ever come here again, Peter, tell He assured me of his conviction that the slight acquaintance previously existing between us, "Yes, sir." would now be ripened into intimacy, and informed in reëntered my little study, and closed the door me of his intention to lodge at the same hotel

## WASHINGTON CITY - MRS. SOUTHWORTH.

PHILADELPHIA, September 30, 1850.

To the Editor of the National Era: My DEAR SIR: Your beautiful city-our beautiful city of Washington, is much in fault towards those who cannot sit at her queenly feet forever. How she spoils every other place for us! I have just been walking in Chestnut street, a twin in my fancy, until now, to the "goldenest" street I used to read of in the Arabian Nights when I was a baby-student on the banks of the Detroit. But this narrow avenue, those wails of dizzy alti-tude, those flashing colors, crowded all together; in the school of liberty, and having learned the les-those majestic fronts, glorious with architectural sons, and imbibed all the principles of a just red brick-they are half-wasted to my eye-very much—let me soar loftily for a simile—very much like graces of diction, and "ornaments of rhyme," Congressional guerrilla.

How my thoughts go back, regretfully, to the patrician exclusiveness of your fine edifices! The sir, you allude to the Northern laborers in grand Capitol, sitting like a monarch on her own royal eminence—the Smithsonian, keeping her state like a noble abbess in her broad domain—
the City Hall, the Patent Office, each at the
sympathy, not your influence in alleviating our head of her own fair avenue, and the elegant Presidential mansion, dwelling in gardens like tunes; our time is our own, and what we acquire the cherished daughter of a proud and loving by honest industry we claim, and feel perfectly

"Comparisons are odious," and I must not forget Philadelphia's thousand admirable points; but those breeches—to that broad-brimmed hat—to as it is difficult to repress comparison in this particular, while the strong contrast, unpardonable to her as to all great cities which I have seen, is forcing itself on my observation in the streets, will "shut-to the door," and lock myself up for an hour with other thoughts.

Have you a chance nook in the Era for some of those stray thoughts? They are not doves nor

falcons; but they will take up with any resting-place—from an eagle's eyrie, perching on a cliff, to a whippoorwill's leafy covert, nestled by the ground. Perhaps they are somewhat between geese and swans; in that case, they will glide them now-and-then to you?

I cannot promise to be witty, philosophic, or poetical, but I will tell you what I see and what I think; and if there should come in an occasional flash of poesie, like a meteor in a mist, or a tranhave taught me, or a chance gleam of humor here and there, like dew drops on a dandelion, why, I

suppose you will like it none the less.

I am just breathing from the perusal of Mrs Southworth's wonderful book, "The Deserted Wife." What a glorious dreamer she is, this fair concuoyenne of yours! Cool-headed and quick-thoughted as her own charming Brighty-unique in her eloquence of speech and fancy, in her un-fettered, true-hearted, and world-clasping charity, as her wild Hagar of the West reclaimed. My head grows dizzy, and my heart faint, thinking of the high genius and piquant originality of this woman, conversing with her various and perfectly sustained characters, looking through the diamond lenses of her clear vision at life, its purposes, its de-tiny.
But is it true? Is affection, the sentiment, s

much the bond-slave of casualties-so like the nursling of intuitive, unexpressed sympathy—as the estrangement of Hagar and Sophie, the babyidol and the girl-worshipper, would make us des-pairingly believe? And is love, the passion, so cruelly orphaned in this world, so completely at the mercy of caprice, of circumstances, of erratic fancy and untutored impulse, as we would shudderingly own-looking at the dark history of Hagar's married sorrows? No! a thousand times The gentle bosoms which have pillowed our

head in infant sleep, received, as a safe carcanet, our precious jewels of confidence, hope, tender-ness and sorrow, (thus it had been with Hagar and Sophie,) we do not grow estranged from them—we must understand them—they are ours! The key which unlocks their golden clasps, is it ot safely garnered away in our own heart's innermost chambers? Are we not sure of them forever? Just as we know that the blessed sun is shining all the while, though black clouds o anger or gray mists of distrust do sometimes over-shadow it—just as Hagar knew the glad, glad so-lution of her own life-problem when she wrote to Raymond—"Your faith in me will save you, Raymond; will make you whole, will redeem you will bring you back."

And love. It is not a mad chance; only a fear-

ful infatuation; only a similarity of spiritual structure, coaxed, cheated by habitual intimacy into a fancied oneness of soul; an illusion, to b

giving them to—each other.
"What God hath joined together" are the sol emn and inspiring words of Scripture. Can any one seriously believe that they refer to the mere

And, not with more admiration perhaps-for that may be impossible-but with more hopefulness and higher joy, we will thank you for the

and grow better for the example, and stronger for the consolation I have visited Mrs. Southworth with so long cie-a-leie, that time is only left for my parting ourtesy to the Editor of the Era, and my grateful adieus to those who have accompanied me with friendly patience until now.

LETTER TO J. CLEMENS FROM A FACTORY

Respectfully, yours,

OPERATIVE. STARS MILLS, MANCHESTER, N. H.,

February 12, 1850. Sin: The interregatories contained in your amous letter, addressed to Z. S. Wallingford, of Dover, in this State, respecting the condition of the factory operatives at the North, or "slaves," as you in the arder of your gallant patriotism are pleased to call them, have been fully and fairly inswered through the medium of the public journals. That these several answers to your interrogatories contain something more to your purpose than unmeaning eulogies upon the moral and intellectual cultime of 357 laborers is a fact, which we trust you will have the frankness to acknowledge.

6, etc. 722 are not blinded by the inflatance of deep-rooted prejudice, or infatuated by the impulse of a morbid ambition, matured and brought into action by a misguided zeal in your efforts to Southern p and perpetuate the accursed system of Southern slavery, at the expense of all that is sa-cred and hallowed in the name of liberty, you cannot but discover that the legitimate tendency f your interrogatories and the answers resulting from them has been to render your position a pe-culiarly unfortunate one in the estimation of an enlightened public—a position which must be as mortifying to your constituents, as it is dishonor-able to yourself, as the representative of a free people in the higher branch of our National Legislature. Had the shafts of your bitter contumely been

hurled at those of your own sex, in your ignohurled at those of your own sex, in your igno-rance of their true condition, you might be led to suppose occupied the degrading position of "slaves," there would have been for you some plausible excuse—some apparent ground of justi-fication for the extravagant and unqualified as-sertions involved in your invidious comparison of the condition of the factory operatives of the North with the "black slavery" of the South. But let me remind you, sir, of the fact, that of those "day laborers" to whom you allude as a class, as being subjected to a "horrid tyranny, compared with which the Southern slave is happy indeed," seven-tenths of them are females-New equality, they acknowledged no man as a "task master." Possessing all the elements of a lauda ble independence, they scorn the tyrant, and des pise slavery in all its horrid and complicated forms, as being the "Upas of the moral world, under whose pestiferous shade all intellect languishes, and all virtue dies." You say, spirit of commiscration, and that you meant nothing harsh or unkind to them. We thank you condition. We are the arbiters of our own for by honest industry we claim, and feel perfectly happy and contented in the sphere in which an

all-wise and gracious Providence has called us to move and act. Rather let your commiseration be lavished on those poor, unfortunate, down-trodden beings which make up a part of your constituency, and who are now withering and groaning under the lash of cruel and relentless task-masters. If your commiseration for us has resulted in tears, them flow in a channel broad and deep at the base of the altar of slavery, until they shall form a mighty cataract, effectually undermining the dis-graceful fabric reared in blood and tears, and baptized with the immolation of human victims. Were we, in fact, the poor, miserable, degraded beings which your deluded fancy has pictured us sometimes sparkling sometimes turbid stream of you to believe we are, we might well deserve your weekly journal-reading. Shall I send some of sympathy. If, sir, in point of pative talent edge. to be, and which your fervid imagination leads cation, moral virtue, integrity of purpose, refine ment of sentiment, to say nothing of personal attractions, if in all that serves to constitute the sum total of female accomplishments, the female operative in New England will not bear a comoperative in New England will not bear a com-parison with your wives and daughters of the South and West, then most assuredly we have not yet been so fortunate as to behold a specimen of your first quality; yet, we have seen Southern ladies whose pretensions would lead us to believe that they were richly entitled to all the claims of

For seven years in succession, I have been an ing this period, three of my most intimate friends and companions, operatives in the mills, have, by a prudent husbandry of their time, and the im provement of their leisure hours, acquired an education competent to their becoming teachers in any of our high schools, and are now reaping the eward of our laudable efforts in the cultivation of their minds, in the capacity of governesses and teachers in private families in Southern cities.

Nor would we have you regard these as solitary

our mills; hundreds go from our manufacturing villages yearly to the South and West, as teachers, and are encouraged so to do by Christians and philanthropists as being preeminent, not for their beauty alone, for this dwells only in the lustre of a well cultivated mind, but for their moral, religious, and scientific attainments. You will be ready, sir, I think, to admit that my experience as an operative, in the department in which I am engaged, must, in a measure at least, ness, as to the moral and physical condition of the operatives in our mills; and having become thoroughly acquainted with factory life in all its various phases, you will allow me, in candor, to state, that, so far as I am qualified to judge, in point of general intelligence, and in all that per-tains to moral virtue and cheerfulness of disposition as a class, they would not suffer in comparison with any other class of men and women within the circumference of the world. And that may be sustained in my assertions, you have only to visit our mills. Go into any or all of the different apartments of labor in the mills, and you will not only be greeted with bright eyes and order, and the utmost circumspection prevail; and my word for it, sir, your ears will not be pained with words of crimination and recrimination, nor with loud and boisterous faultfinding; but on the contrary, you will find the utmost courtesy, mu-tual good feeling, and a scrupulous regard for each other's interests, universally prevailing.

Should you visit us, you will find us busily en-gaged in our usual avocations, nor do we wish to disguise the fact, that we are the "sons and daughters of toil," nor do we, from the fact that we are such, require your sympathy. We have been educated from infancy in the habits of in-dustry, and thus we have learned to discover in honest labor, free labor, if you like the term better, a dignity which, in our view, makes even toil itself an intrinsic virtue. It may literally be said of us that " we carn our bread by the sweat of our prow," but sir, this renders it not the less palatable. And, as you have pertinently asked the question, "what is the kind and quality of food we consume?" we answered simply that we did " not live on bread alone," and living in the enjoyment of excellent health, a good conscience, and a keen appetite, we leave you to draw your own inference respect to the quantity we should be likely to consume. There are various sources, too, from which we derive nutriment, for the mind as well

This gentleman appeared to be very thoughtful, and spoke but little, which surprised everybody, a key from it, said—

This gentleman appeared to be very thoughtful, a key from it, said—

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This gentleman appeared to be very thoughtful, a key from it, said—

This gentleman appeared to be very thoughtful, a key from it, said—

This gentleman appeared to be very thoughtful, a key from it, said—

The various of the woods and find him." I rushed a key from it, said—

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The various of the woods and find him." I rushed a key from it. however, it went to the world, and I experienced a philanthropic emotion in fancying how pleased the little, hard-faced old gentleman would be with these flattering encomiums on his "Thespian Magazine."

The very day my paper was out, as I was sitting "full fathors five." deep in an article on "the ad-I ne very day my paper was out, as I was sitting "full fathom five" deep in an article on "the advantages of virtue," (an interesting theme, upon my views of which I rather flatter myself.) I was startled by three knocks at the door, and my leaves of which I rather flatter myself.) I was startled by three knocks at the door, and my leaves of which I rather flatter myself.) I was startled by three knocks at the door, and my leaves of which I rather flatter myself.) I was startled by three knocks at the door, and my leaves of which I rather flatter myself.) I was startled by three knocks at the door, and my leaves of which I rather flatter myself.) I was startled by three knocks at the door, and my leaves of which I rather flatter myself.) I was startled by three knocks at the door, and my leaves of which I rather flatter myself.) I was startled by three knocks at the door, and my leaves of which I rather flatter myself.) I was startled by three knocks at the door, and my leaves of which I rather flatter myself.) I was startled by three knocks at the door, and my leaves of which I rather flatter myself.) I was startled by three knocks at the door, and my leaves of which I rather flatter myself.) I was startled by three knocks at the door, and my leaves of which I rather flatter myself.) I was startled by three knocks at the door, and my leaves of which I rather flatter myself.) I was startled by three knocks at the door, and my leaves of which I rather flatter myself.) I was startled by three knocks at the door, and who had traced over the orders from or the vile slander into the very face and eyes of the man who dares to utter it. My dear sir, you have undertaken an Herculean task, if you thin't to fasten on the Yankee girls the opprobious epi thets of "slaves," by any comparison which you can conjure up or dream of in your philosophy.

I close with an invitation for you to visit us as

time and circumstances may suit your convenience. We should be happy to see you. And should you come among us, as you behold us in the prosecution of our honest labors, let the blush of same mantle your cheeks, that in your ignorance of our true condition, in your place in the Senate Chamber of the United States, it was left for you to apply to us the loathing and disgraceful epithets

attached to slavery in any of its forms NANCY P. HEALEY. Yours, &c., Hon. J. Clemens, Alabama.

## FREEDOM TO POSTERITY.

To the Editor of the National Era:

DEAR SIR In looking over the speeches that have been delivered during the present session of Congress, I am happy to discover a professed disposition on the part of all to "stand by the Con-stitution." Perhaps there is no class of speakers. who have dwelled longer or piped louder upon this topic than the propagandists of slavery. By the term "propagandists of slavery," I mean the whole compromising host. To this class of speakers, I beg the leave of submitting through your

crowded columns a few particulars.

First: for what was the Constitution framed Verily, you say, go to the preamble, that is the exponent of those principles for the protection of which this "supreme law of the land" was or-dained and established. Well, in consulting said preamble, I am feet by the exercise of my fraif powers of reason to conclude that there are a number of clauses there which come in fearful conflict with the perfectuation, by compressive or otherwise, of the "peculiar institution." one only of which shall burden your attention at this time. Tis this: "We, the people of the United States, in order to secure the blessings of MARKETY to ourselves and "our posterity," do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of Ameri-

ca. This clause makes "all posterity" free; therefore all who acknowledge the supremacy of the Constitution must give their "posterity" freedom. Now then it is a notorious fact, conceded by all, that many, very many of American slaves are mulattoes, not negroes. Whence came this white blood that courses through their veins? Answer this ye who would "stand by the Constitution," ye who daily gaze upon their bleeding backs and sweating brows, ye who of a truth do

know. Answer this, and blush for shame.
It is said of old, "that a word to the wise is sufficient," and at present, we pursue our the no farther than to add the prayer, that, during the adjournment of Congress, the Secretary of State, accompanied with Senators and Represent atives, will take his travels Southward, well sup plied with "preambles," and find how many who now taste "unrequited toil" by virtue of that preamble, are freemen, and then in the second session of the Thirty-First Congress, show, he by his official influence, and they by their votes, that their respect for the Constitution is not all pro-fession, but that facts, Constitution, and con-

science, can work a noble work. A. S. HALL New Lyme, Ohio, Sept. 23, 1850.

SPARTA, RANDOLPH Co., LLL, Sept 2, 1850

To the Edstor of the National Era: DEAR SIR :- Although this section of country s but little known, and consequently actracis La little attention abroad, yet it is somewhat import-ant in an anti-slavery point of view, being the most southern part of the State where there is any anti-slavery organization, or, indeed, any anti-slavery feeling in that respect, almost like ar Oasis in the desert. It was partially settled near thirty years ago by emigrants mostly of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian, and Reformed Presbyterian denominations from Newbery, Fair field, and Chester districts, South Carolina, who field from the prison-house of Southern bondage to escape the evils of slavery. This population has been augmented from time to time by accesvania, Ohio, and a few from some of the other States, and of late years a very respectable and steadily increasing emigration from Scotland True to the old proverb, "birds of a feather flock together." A large majority are still anti-slavery the free-soilers polling double the number of votes of all others in this precinct. For intelligence, morality, and religion, this vicinity will compare favorably with any portion of the country East or West. Within a circle of twelve or fourteen miles each way from this place there are no less than sixteen churches, one or two in progress of erection, mostly large, valuable brick edifices the most of them belonging to the different Pres byterian denominations, with some to Methodis

and Baptists.

readers will be able to tell, or at least to com-near enough to the number of school-houses in the same bounds, as I believe they will generally be found to be in proportion to each other. Southern Illinois is sometimes called Egypt, the name as we are told by some, originating in the fact of the far-famed American bottom being so produc-tive of corn, and for many years furnishing the more northern parts of the State, in times of scarcity, with that very necessary article—by others, originating from the intellectual darkness and rather benighted state of the inhabitants. We have no objection to the name, from whatever it may have arisen; but you will recollect, there was a Goshen in Egypt, and we would suggest whether this be not the place. Sparta is in the Northeastern part of the country, forty-five miles from St. Louis, and sixteen miles from Chester, on the Mississippi, to which a turnpike road is contemplated, is surrounded by a fertile and flourishing country, many good farms with substantial and comfortable houses and barns, a goodly number of fine orchards; some of the finest peaches in the United States are raised in this vicinity. Two newspapers are published here, one free soil, the Spata Freeman, edited and published by J. N. Coleman, is ably and tastefully conducted, and is exercising a healthful influence on the literary, moral, and anti-slavery sentiments of the community. A large number of newspapers and periodicals from a distance are taken here—among newspapers The National Era and Saturday Visiter come in for a large share.

The village, by the census just taken, numbers and no graceries. There is more business done here than in any place of its size I have ever been siderable number of mechanics, of which, ever, there is great lack in most branches There are two churches in the place, one A. R. Presby terian, and one Methodist, with others at no in convenient distance; a steam saw and flouring mill, and an additional one projected to be

large capacity.
An excellent steam-power-loom woollen factory has gone into operation this season. Person-from Steubenville and Dayton, Ohio, who have visited this place, consider it a good location for manufacturing, from the sbundance and cheap-ness of coal, which is supplied at present from pits a mile and a half distant. They are some twenty-five feet deep, the coal seven feet in thickness; it is raised to the surface by horse power and is of excellent quality. Some of the best judges are of opinion that, taking into considera-tion the cost of dams, the loss of time by freezing, by high and low water, that where fuel is so cheap as here, that steam is, on the whole, a more profit able power than water. The cheapness of provisions, the low price of wood, and the opportunity which the surrounding country presents for dis-posing of goods of the heavier kinds, it is thought will be favorable to this place as a manufacturing point. The health is as good here as in most parts of the West. The use of bituminous coal is thought by medical men to be in some measure an antidote to fevers and other diseases to which portions of the West are subject. Last winter some 500,000 lbs. of pork, worth \$2 per 100 lbs. made, worth \$1.50 per gallon. The castor bean is more extensively raised in this vicinity than is more extensively raised in this vicinity than in any other part of the country; it is easy of production, not more difficult than corn, and is cultivated much after the same manner. It generally pays the producer well; the average yield